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M.: It is maintained by many eminent authorities that love is premeditated ignorance of what we don't believe about some

particular person. Does it follow that as acquaintance expands love will recede?

B.: Not necessarily. Sometimes a man has more money than we think he has.

M.: What is the prevailing masculine opinion of woman's intelligence?

B.: That a woman's best understanding of wisdom is to play the fool at the right moment.

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B.: To play the right fool at the right moment.

M.: What have you observed concerning the dispositions of men?

B.: Many men hold strong opinions,

strong opinions hold many men, and the others escape by reading the newspapers.

M.: What is chivalry, as now recognized by the most ladylike authorities?

B.: Chivalry is the privilege of a man to walk under a lady's instep without bumping his head.

M.: What ideal have you formed of your future mate?

B.: He will be handsome, and brave, and wise, and witty, and tender, and true, and—and rich. It may be years, long years, but I feel that we shall meet at last.

M.: And what of your life in the interval?

B.: Oh, in the meantime, I presume I shall marry more or less.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

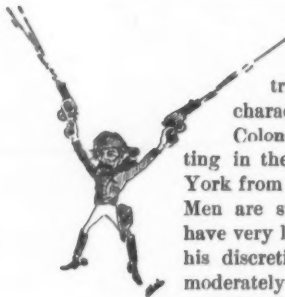
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THERE has rarely been a more impressive tribute to personal character than the support Colonel Roosevelt is getting in the campaign in New York from independent voters. Men are supporting him who have very limited confidence in his discretion; who are very moderately impressed by the war record in which he takes

such pride; who utterly disapprove his expansionist whimsies, and scoff at his vociferous suggestions that Europe is waiting to hear how the election goes in New York before making up her mind not to meddle between the United States and Spain. His nomination, too, has had to carry the burden of the approval of Mr. Platt; yet the character of the man in certain particulars is such that the independent voters, even those with very strong Democratic leanings, find it very, very hard not to vote for him. He is aggressive even in his honesty, and that in this case is a virtue, for our next Governor will have ample occasion to be aggressively honest, and the chief misgiving about Judge Van Wyck is that his integrity, which no one questions, will be too submissive.



THE important difference between Roosevelt and Van Wyck in this campaign is the difference between the bucking bronco and the well-broken mount. Roosevelt has Platt on his back; Van Wyck carries Croker. The inde-

pendent voter has confidence that Roosevelt, if elected, will buck Platt off, whereas he has little hope but that Van Wyck, docile and well disciplined, will carry Croker through to the end.

Conscientious independent voters in New York will vote next week for Roosevelt, and others quite as conscientious for Van Wyck, but they will join in opposing the Croker Judges and in re-electing Judge Daly. If Croker succeeds in turning Judge Daly down there will be great disappointment among the Independents. Even such Democratic papers as the *Times* and the *World* are as warmly opposed to Croker's judiciary ticket as the *Sun* or the *Tribune*. The test of Croker's power in New York is his ability to dismiss Judge Daly from the Bench.



THE JOHN JAY CHAPMAN independent Independents have put up Mr. Theodore Bacon, of Rochester, as their candidate for Governor. Voters who object both to Roosevelt and to Van Wyck will find in Mr. Bacon a candidate who is entirely free from suspicion of being controlled by any boss. Any boss who owned Mr. Bacon would trade him off the first chance, or, if necessary, give him away, as property of too hazardous a nature to be retained. If Mr. Bacon has a fault as a citizen it is that his hatred of sin appears sometimes to hurry him into a state of too acute dissatisfaction with sinners. His honesty, which is unquestioned, is quite as aggressive as Colonel Roosevelt's, and he has the advantage of the Colonel, in being much less subject to intoxication by gunpowder, and wholly unaffected by the annexation mania. He was a member of the noted Yale class of '53, and is an able lawyer. If he should be elected Governor, the bands would be fully justified in playing "A Hot Time" at his inauguration.

The party of the Chapman independent Independents, better known as the Citizen's Union, is small this year, but it includes a number of very active and conscientious gentlemen, who are sincerely devoted to the cause of good government, and whose banner bears the undaunted motto: "Things must be a darn sight worse before they are any better." It is hard to be hopeless about

a party that has that sort of feeling about the immediate future. Mr. Carl Schurz has announced his purpose to vote for the Citizen's Union nominees.



THE late outbreak of the Pillager Indians in Minnesota proves, like almost all Indian outbreaks in this country, to have been excited by injustice done to the Indians. Their complaint that timber thieves have invaded their reservation is well substantiated, and they have other injuries, less important but very irritating. Having called attention to their case by fighting, the Pillagers have put themselves in the way of having justice done them, but the officers and soldiers of General Bacon's command who were killed in the fight will remain dead. It is an old, old story, this goading of Indians into rebellion, and then sending troops to subdue them. The punishment in these cases never fits the crime. Honest soldiers, like Major Wilkinson, are killed, mistreated Indians are punished, and the scamps who are at the bottom of the trouble live to steal another day.



EIGHTY per cent. of the men in the United States now worth one hundred thousand dollars and more, have risen from the laboring classes.—*Floating Statement.*

By no means all of them have risen. Many have sunk. It is not the extent, but the methods of accumulation that determine the direction of progress. "Bob" Nelson, the saloon-keeping professional bondsman of New York, is said to be worth one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. Has he "risen from the laboring classes," or has he sunk?

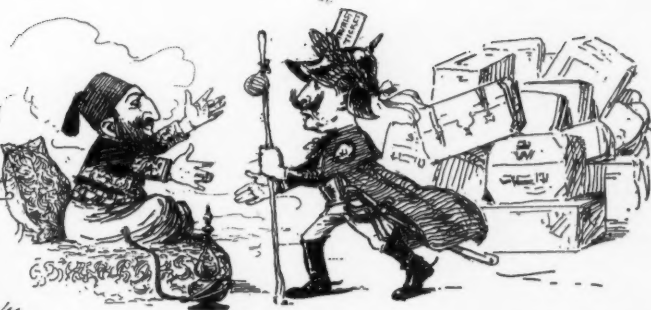


HOW those Latin races stick up for "retiring with dignity"! In the Fashoda incident, France finds herself in very much the same case that Spain was when we told her to get out of Cuba. If Spain had walked fast earlier, she might not have had to run later. It may be the same with France.

OCTOBER



THE EMPRESS DOWAGER



WANDERING WILLY'S PILGRIMAGE



HORSON'S FISHING



"PAY YOUR DEBTS? REALLY, SIGNÖR, YOU'RE A FAIRLY COOL HAND!"



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GO IT, TEDDY!



THE NEW YORK BENCH



FASHODA

BOOKISHNESS

Some Japanese Girls, and Other People.

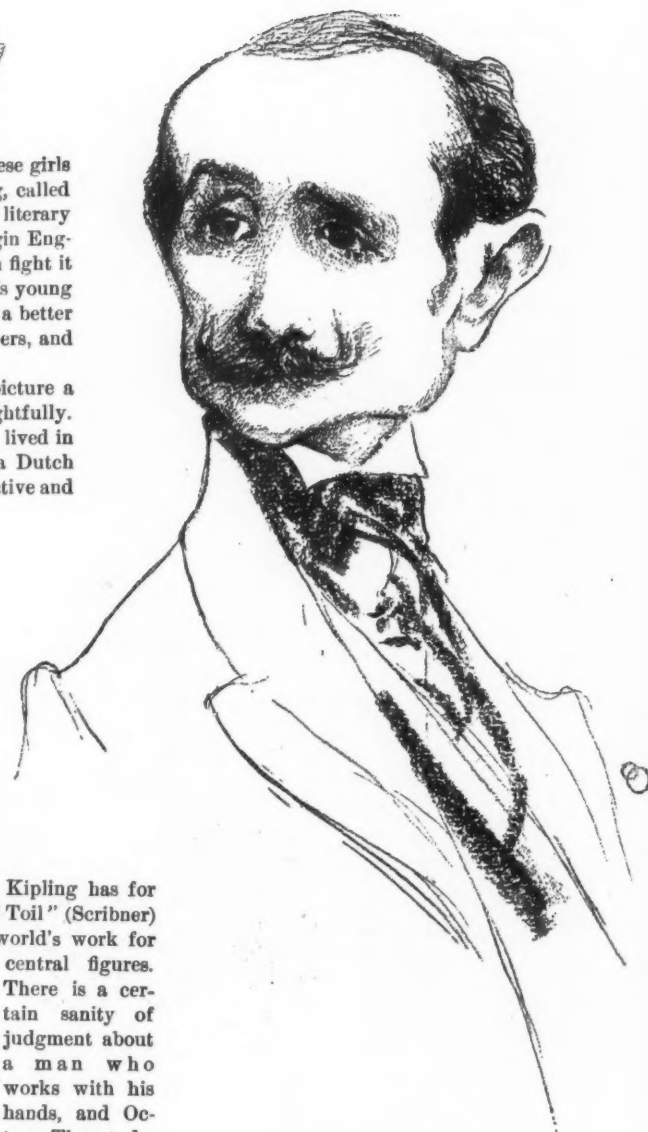
IT does not matter in the least whether there ever were Japanese girls like those in the volume of stories by James Luther Long, called "Madame Butterfly" (Century Co.). He has made them real for literary purposes, and has endowed them with a most attractive "Pidgin English" that can be easily understood. The experts on Japan can fight it out as to the real and ideal Japanese Musmee; but Mr. Long's young women are good enough for fiction or real life. They deserve a better fate than he allots them, for without exception they lose their lovers, and either die or live miserably ever after.

What the author has accomplished with delicate art is to picture a charming, sympathetic type of woman, who makes love delightfully. She would be just as attractive if she spoke good English, and lived in Brookline instead of Tokio. Indeed, some of the Pennsylvania Dutch heroines, in other short stories by Mr. Long, possess similar attractive and fascinating qualities.

IN England, stories of the hunting field are a well-recognized type of fiction, but David Gray's "Gallops" (Century Co.) is the first American contribution of importance in this field. The "hunting set" is not strong enough in numbers to buy a very large edition of a book, but the people who like to read about horses are sufficient to make it a success.

The stories are amusing in themselves, and the comedy and farce in them are delicious fooling. The people and their establishments are not too atrociously "smart," and an atmosphere of good-fellowship rather than an air of extreme fashion is conveyed. They are good, healthy, outdoor tales, written crisply, and with a sense of humor.

OCTAVE THANET shows the same sort of fondness that Kipling has for choosing "men who do things" for heroes. "The Heart of Toil" (Scribner) is a group of short stories with men who are engaged in the world's work for



EDMOND ROSTAND,
THE AUTHOR OF "CYRANO DE BERGERAC."



"GLAD TO DO IT, OLD FELLOW. ALWAYS WAS FOND OF ANIMALS,
DON'T CHER KNOW."

central figures. There is a certain sanity of judgment about a man who works with his hands, and Octave Thanet delights to reveal it in her stories.

The laborer may be, and often is, wrong-headed and badly led; but if you appeal to his innate sense of fairness, you can ultimately reach him. Miss Thanet's stories appreciably diminish the gap between capital and labor. The bridge is a good heart and common horse-sense.

The author's admirable literary art in telling the tales is supplemented with Frost's illustrations, which cannot be excelled as revelations of American character.

IT is surprising that the New York Times, reviewing the career of its correspondent, Harold Frederic, who died on



She: WHY SHOULD MY PAST WORRY YOU? IT IS ALL OVER!
"YES; ALL OVER THE COUNTRY."

October 19th, should say that the work of fiction he will be best remembered by is "The Damnation of Theron Ware." That novel, it is true, attracted the most popular attention—but not because of the things in it which were most worthy in a literary way. What was sensational in it was false to Frederic's own literary standards.

The book by which Frederic's best friends would like to see him remembered is that beautiful tale of the Mohawk, "In the Valley"



THE PASSING OF THE NATIVES.

—which has been not inaptly called an American "Lorna Doone."

He did with skill and enthusiasm in that story what more American authors should imitate—he embodied the traditions of his native State in literature. And when "Theron Ware" is forgotten as a passing fad, Frederic will be remembered for his pictures of the real life of the Mohawk Valley. *Droch.*

The Doctrine of Chances.

MR. McCUE (*earnestly*): I knewed this eliction would be closer than our fri'nds, the inemy, mæde out. The firsh wake av the campaign the bettin' odds wuz t'ree t' one ag'inst us.

MR. HOGAN (*anxiously*): Yis?

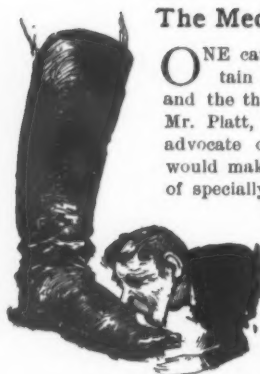
"The second wake the odds wuz two t' one."

"Yis, yis."

"An' this wake, begobs, the odds are aven'!"

THE allegation is made that the young woman of the period has a defect in table-manners, in that she does not hesitate to plant her elbows on the table (*vide* Mr. Gibson's pictures) in all the intervals of food. This allegation has basis. To say that no American woman under thirty knows how to behave at her meals would perhaps be a little too sweeping, but it is true enough that the freedom of manners which is characteristic of our day is notable among the younger daughters of Columbia when they sit up to their nourishment. Citizens who have lately returned from London report themselves as much impressed with the exceeding frequency of the elbows of American girls on the tables of the London hotels. It is only a peccadillo, but the sad part of it is that the poor dears don't know any better. They are as oblivious to the existence of a standard of manners the requirements of which they don't reach, as are the majority of our fellow-citizens who spit on the floor in the street cars.

RESPECTABILITY is the world's powder-rag.



The Meditations of Platt.

ONE cannot help feeling a certain sympathy for Mr. Platt and the thoughts he must think. Mr. Platt, in a crude way, is an advocate of that system which would make politics the life work of specially trained men, not the haphazard occupation of this or that man.

To be called a civil service reformer might surprise Mr. Platt; but let us look fairly at the facts. In the system of which Mr. Platt is an acknowledged leader, a young man must begin at the bottom. He busies himself with local affairs, seeking to direct the votes of his neighbors into the proper channel, managing primaries, and all that. Technically, he is known as a ward heeler. After a year or two, when he has become familiar with the rudiments of politics, if he has proved trustworthy and industrious, he is advanced. He gets some small office, to enable him to devote all his energies to his patriotic work, without being hindered by the necessity of earning his living. Later, he becomes a ward boss, and his duties are more arduous. He has to see that his ward stays in line; he has to conciliate or to coerce men; he has to settle disputes, reconcile factions, apportion out favors with a tact which a leader of the Four Hundred might envy.



MANY men stop at this stage; but if he still prove worthy and ambitious—particularly if he has developed facility in oratory, or unusual executive ability, or has managed to amass a fortune out of his meagre salary—he rises higher. He still is bluff and hearty, and extends a cordial hand to every man; but surreptitiously he goes to a better tailor, and tentatively begins to try to seem more like a gentleman. If he is unmarried, he looks around for a wife in a class he would not have cared for a few years before; if already married, he usually finds in his wife and daughters a pathetic, though not always wisely manifested, eagerness to second his efforts to rise socially.

All this, which might give offense to his old companions, is counteracted by a certain withdrawal from personal contact; for, by a curious rule of mental perspective, a man appears larger the farther removed he is from us. The nod of a man we can slap on the back is not valuable like that from a divinity which shapes our ends—from a *deus ex machina*.

Thus, by consecrating his life to the work, your politician advances until he reaches the highest places, the Governor's chair, the Senator's seat, or even the White House—though the system is not quite so well perfected in the upper as in the lower branches. As in a soldier, obedience is the cardinal virtue; and, like Major Esterhazy, his conscience as well as his sword is at the command of his superiors.

UCH is the system Mr. Platt is spending his life in perfecting. He heeds not the flings of hostile papers; remembering the wise man who said of his country, "I care not who makes her laws if I can make her songs," Mr. Platt says, "I care not who writes her editorials so long as I own the earth." With him, patient work and obedience find a sure reward. No wonder he is taken aback at Roosevelt, a man who cares no more for political precedent and tradition than he did for military red tape, coming suddenly in his yellow uniform and canvas leggings, and, without even taking off his hat to Mr. Platt, preparing to step into the office which Mr. Platt has regarded as the due reward of long years of faithful political service. No wonder he sheds bitter, though hidden, tears. To be sure, it is the will of the people; but Mr. Platt's principle is that the will of the people should be directed, not pandered to.



HAT was Roosevelt doing when he should have been learning the rudiments of politics? He was going to college, listening to the pernicious doctrines of Charles Eliot Norton in Fine Arts 3, and yelling himself hoarse over Harvard's infrequent victories. There are two sides to every question. Hobnobbing with the aristocracy, Mr. Platt believes, should be the reward of the faithful, not the preparation for political life. A Croker may rest on his oars and watch his thoroughbreds race (if they race by the river's brink). But a young man should begin at the other end. No wonder the world seems getting topsy turvy to Mr. Platt.

Kenneth Brown.

WISDOM is greater than wealth, if it happens to be our wisdom and other people's wealth.

Lucky.

"I HAD a narrow escape in my house the other night."

"How so?"

"My wife shot at some burglars."

The Blouse Waist.

FAIR maiden, haste
To quit the waist
Known everywhere as Blouse;
Too large and loose
For beauty's use,
It isn't what true Art allows.

W. J. L.

My Lady's Heart.

I DREAMED I saw my lady's heart
Laid bare to mortal sight,
While shamefaced Cupid stood apart,
And hung his head, contrite.

Her face was fair to look upon;
No maiden e'er surpassed her;
But woe is me! her heart was one
Patchwork of seams and plaster!

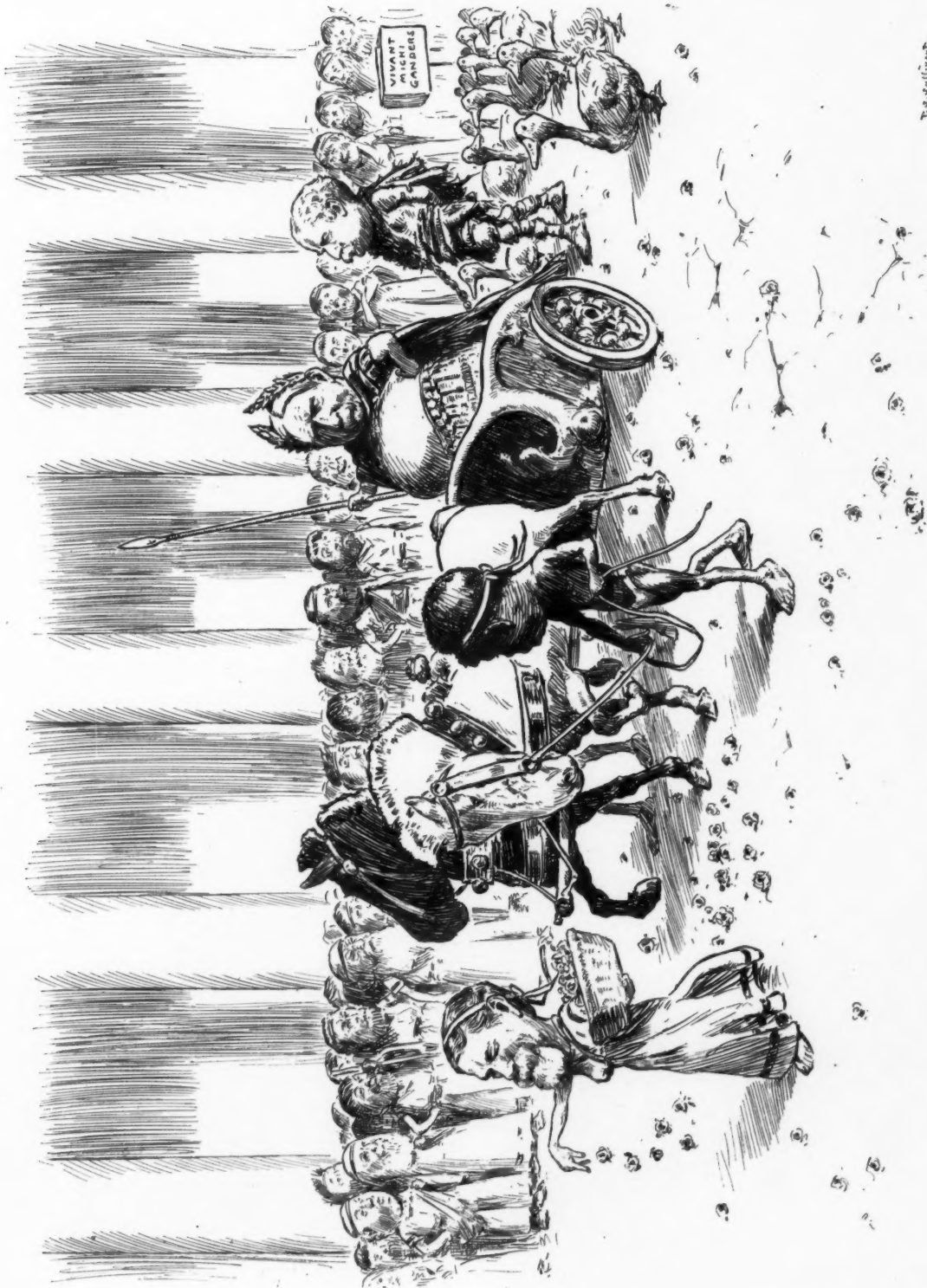
S. Scott Stinson.



November.

THOU lean and lank November!
I would that thou wert better favored.
Thou art the month
When rag-tagged, bob-tailed garments deck
the form
Of Mother Nature.
From thy lead skies
Pour soaking floods of rain; and each up-
raised,
Beribbed umbrella drips its chilly stream
Inside the dampish collar.
Thou art the month
Of sodden leaves and skirts that limply
cling;
Of straightened ringlets which, adown one's
brow
Most aggravatingly, in wisp-like wise
Do string.
Thou art the month
Of snuffle-snuffle and much aconite;
Of ereëpy influenza, that so oft
Doth lay the groundwork for a sterner
foe
Which erstwhile ends a noble life.
Thou art,
O gray November, not much use
In this world's calendar of months.

S. E. Potter.



SHAFTER TRIUMPHANS.



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THE EDUCATION

IX.

IN THE MEANTIME, MR. PIPP HAS BEEN ENLARGING
SO FLATTERING IN THEIR MANNER THAT HIS FRENCH
The bill is paid



EDUCATION OF MR. PIPP.

IX.

HE HAS BEEN ENLARGING HIS ACQUAINTANCE. HIS NEW FRIENDS BECOME
THAT HIS FRENCH IS NOT EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.
The bill is paid by Mr. Pipp.



An Attempt at Art.

KIDNAPPED from the French by the aid of an anonymous translator, "Catherine" represents about everything that is bad in play-writing and play-producing. Its second act is a high tribute to the much-derided genius of Ibsen.

Through it, the audience rustled its programmes, coughed without restraint, and finally yawned. It portrayed the tragedy enacted in the everyday life of commonplace people, the topic on which Ibsen loves to dwell. Where Ibsen would have made the tragedy of commonplace life absorbing, and driven its phases home to the point where the audience would have sat spellbound and breathless, M. Lavedan and his translator have made it only boresome.

But the second act was only grafted on to a play of the conventional French type. The hero—a French duke—marries a poor girl. Her poverty might easily have been indicated without the long and talky act which shows her home, and is apparently intended also to show that M. Lavedan can depict commonplace life with the power of Ibsen and his fellow-naturalists. As said before, he fails, but succeeds better when he introduces the customary person with whom the hero has had more or less of an affair before he met the heroine. Naturally—after the manner of French society drama—she attempts to lure him from his constancy, and thus furnishes a highly-spiced scene of fleshly temptation. This is rudely interrupted by the untimely entrance of the simple bride, who, in a few well-chosen expressions, presents her lured-away husband to the seductress, but absent-mindedly fails to wrap up the pound of tea. Then a very unnatural mother-in-law—outside of French drama—who loves her son's wife better than her son, smooths down the bride's ruffled feathers, and we have the usual "lived in peace in a pot of grease" finale.

Miss Annie Russell is a tat-

ented and well-beloved actress in several lines. In "Catherine" she showed her limitations, and proved that she is not qualified for the feverishness of the French society play. She was well cast in the domestic scene of the second act but there was little for her to do. Had Ibsen written the play, her sweet naturalness might have had scope throughout—here it is killed by the artificiality of everything that surrounds her.

The entire production is a fair example of what the most potent present influence in American theatricals can do when it has full swing. The actors are well-known and high-salaried, but badly cast. The costuming is quite up to date and calculated to create talk among women spectators, but inappropriate. The lighting is at all times that of brilliant sunrise or sunset, and goes with all styles of dress, from riding breeches to the frock-coat and black trousers of the country politician worn by the hero in the last act. Shivery music, intended to harrow up the audience, is interpolated at random, and without any regard to anything but making the musicians earn their salaries.

To dwell on the cast would be an injustice to clever people who do what they are told to do by an incompetent management. In this, Miss Russell suffers with the others.



DISCUSSION of Mr. Daly's treatment of M. Ros-tand's "Cyrano" is devoutly to be wished. It may bring about some definite notion of what is honest and what is dishonest in dealing with another man's ideas.

Metcalfe.

THE COUNTESS: They say that the heiress whom Lord d'Liverus married has a very kind heart.

THE DUCHESS: Yes, indeed. I am told that she occasionally condescends to visit her American parents.

Take Notice!

LAYING a cable between San Francisco and Honolulu is a task which may find a serious obstacle in the existence of what the mapmakers and sailors call the Japanese current. Whatever motive the Japanese may have for maintaining this objectionable current, nothing is more certain than that they will have to remove it. We have already a navy sufficiently strong to make our wishes in this matter respected, and we have more ships a-building and still others in prospect. Our friends in Japan will do well to take their current out of Uncle Sam's way without waiting for further notice.



"SAY, MA, CAN I EAT THIS HORSESHOE?"

"YES, MY CHILD, BUT BE SURE AND REMOVE THE NAILS. I'M SO AFRAID OF APPENDICITIS."

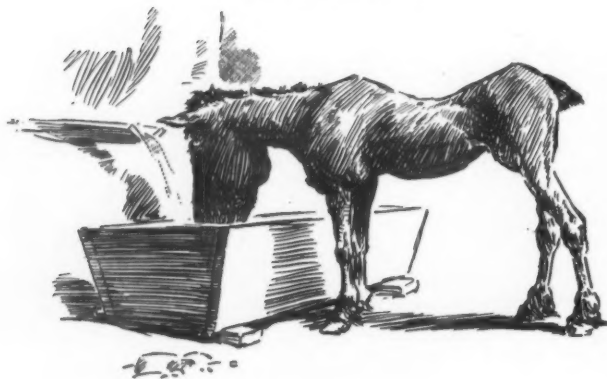


"You can fool some of the people all the time. You can fool all the people some of the time. But you can't fool all the people all the time."—Abraham Lincoln.

The Fly in Amber.

SHE looks at me with glances that are fraught
With all the love that in her pure soul lies;
And lo! I am the little fly that's caught
Within the glorious amber of her eyes.

ONLY A DRINK OF WATER.



A Chance for Guam.

REAL necessity exists of a safe home for young American gentlemen who have the misfortune to be utterly worthless, where they can be maintained at low cost by their relatives, and where they will be less apt to get into mischief than if they stayed about home. There is always a large surplus stock of such lads, who have the misfortune to be born incapable or irresponsible; who, while not criminals, are so responsive to all misleadings as to keep their friends always anxious for fear they may do something which will get them into jail. The disposition of them is very perplexing. If there were only some safe place to send them to, where they could be cheaply maintained, and could have plenty of food and sunshine, and from which they could not easily get away, it would help to solve a problem which is extremely harassing to many conscientious persons.

They tell us that the island of Guam in the Pacific Ocean, about ten thousand miles, more or less, from San Francisco, is a remarkably nice place, salubrious, calm, and very little frequented by ships. There is very little to do there except to enjoy life. Living is cheap; temptations, apparently, are few. Our flag at present flutters over Guam.

How would it suit the good people of that island to go into the business of boarding young Americans who are guaranteed to be of no present use to our civilization? There ought to be some places on earth where there is a chance for lads who are not equal to the strain and the temptations and competitions of civilized life to find a safe environment. There should be some places from which rum can be excluded, and where, while the fittest prevailed, the less fit might live out their time less miserably than here. There is a considerable future ahead for Guam if it will set itself up, with proper references, as a refuge for the unfit.

The Higher Heroism.

CASEY: Phat? Yez be's a hero iv th' war? Phy, yez niver lift home.

HENNESSY: Thru. When Oi see thim all a' rushin' t' th' front, eyther fer glory er fer boodle, sez Oi to mesilf, "Hinnisy, me boy, thru heroism consists in self-denial. 'Twill be t' yer honner t' sthay at home an' lit th' other fellys reap th' rewards." An' so I sthayed.



CROKER'S notion of a Tammany Bar Association is a good idea. It would be a convenience to have the lawyers of New York more carefully classified. Members of a Tammany Bar Association would need no other tag than the emblem of their mem-

bership to determine their professional standing.

The Tutor.

ATUTOR who tooted the flute,
Tried to teach two young tooters to toot;
Said the two to the tutor,
"Is it harder to toot or
To tutor two tooters to toot?"

Carolyn Wells.



CLEVER SCHEME OF A GENTLEMAN OF LARGE ACQUAINTANCE WHO ALREADY HAS A VIOLENT COLD IN THE HEAD.



Bird: ARE YOU THE GENTLEMAN WHO OWNS THIS PLACE?

"YES."

"DO YOU CALL THIS HOSPITALITY?"

WHEREAS, the fashion-mongers, who ever go about devising new forms of devilment for the confusion of their victims, have given orders that street dresses are now to be worn with long skirts, and whereas, there is ample evidence in the streets that the orders are being respected, it is proper that a protest should be filed against this unscrupulous perversion of power. The world of average dames seems entirely helpless before it, and only exceptional women of strong individual sense seem disposed to defy the Parisian ogre and have their skirts adapted to the uses that await them. Bad fashions ought to be beaten. This one, that condemns all dames who have regard for the mode to hold their skirts up whenever they walk abroad, is a detestable invention, contrary to good ethics and common sense, and a menace to health. Women who wear trailing skirts in the street, or about their ordinary daytime avocations, are geese. It is not quite polite to say so, but the case is important, and the truth about it should be spoken.

ASERIES of concerts, whose programmes will consist almost entirely of madrigals sung by a triple quartette, are announced by Messrs. Chickering and Sons. The madrigal is a beautiful musical form only too little appreciated in this country, and these concerts will furnish excellent opportunities to study it.

· LIFE ·



CHOICE RHYMES.

All in a bright September dawn,
I went among the sheaves of corn,
And, thinking of my lady dear,
I caroled like a king-fisher,
Expressing my sincere desire
To win the hand of my Maria.
The finches in my father's orchard
With emulative pains were tortured.
I called on Love, that I might lose him,
Between my lady's neck and bosom.

—London Daily News.

It takes a clever man to find a good word to say on every occasion. It is said of Thomas Bailey Aldrich that he once received a letter from his friend, Professor Edward S. Morse, and found the handwriting wholly illegible. Mr. Aldrich was not at a loss for an answer. In due time, there came to Mr. Morse the following reply:

"My Dear Morse: It was very pleasant to receive a letter from you the other day. Perhaps I should have found it pleasanter if I had been able to decipher it. I don't think I mastered anything beyond the date, which I knew, and the signature, at which I guessed.

"There is a singular and perpetual charm in a letter of yours—it never grows old, and it never loses its novelty. One can say every morning as one looks at it: 'Here's a letter of Morse's I haven't read yet. I think I shall take another shy at it to-day, and maybe I shall be able in the course of a few years to make out what he means by those t's that look like w's, and those t's that haven't any eyebrows.'

"Other letters are read, and thrown away and forgotten, but yours are kept forever—unread. One of them will last a reasonable man a lifetime."—*Youth's Companion*.

WHAT A BRUTE!

There was a lively little set-to between two men in front of the Garrick Theatre, after the performance of "A Day and a Night," and a big theatre hat, worn by the woman accompanying one of the men, was to blame for it all.

The other man had a seat behind the big hat, and his polite request early in the evening for its removal had been ignored, so when Otis Harlan sang his verse about the man who goes to the theatre to see the play and has his vision of the stage entirely blotted out by a "lady fair" with a hat three feet tall, the man behind the hat thought his opportunity had come.

Rising to his feet and holding up his hand to attract attention, he exclaimed in a loud voice:

"That's my fix exactly."

The audience grasped the situation and roared, while the woman with the hat blushed, and her escort glared angrily at the man behind, who had resumed his seat.

"I'll see you outside," he said, threateningly.

The two men reached the sidewalk about the same time, and the man with the woman faced the man who hadn't seen the play.

"Now I want you to apologize," he said.

"Apologize!" remarked the other. "I guess not."

"Then, take that!" and the first speaker aimed a blow at the other's face. The latter was on his guard, however, and the blow did little damage. There were two or three more blows, and then a policeman loomed up, the woman screamed and jumped into a cab, her escort close at her heels, while the other man turned and walked away.—*New York Herald*.

The man who so rudely called attention to that sensitive and well-bred lady's hat deserved all that he got. He has evidently never learned that no theatre-goer has any rights

which an unselfish and considerate woman, like the one in question, is bound to respect.

WILLIAM AND JOHN SCOTT, afterward Lord Stowell and Lord Eldon, when they were young men at the Bar, having had a stroke of professional luck, determined to celebrate the occasion by having a dinner at the tavern and going to the play. When it was time to call for the reckoning, William Scott dropped a guinea. He and his brother searched for it in vain. "This is a bad job," said William; "we must give up the play." "Stop a bit," said John, "I know a trick worth two of that," and called the waitress. "Betty," said he, "we've dropped two guineas. See if you can find them." Betty went down on her hands and knees, and found the one guinea, which had rolled under the fender. "That's a very good girl, Betty," said John Scott, pocketing the coin, "and when you find the other you can keep it for your trouble." And the prudent brothers went with light hearts to the play.

—Argonaut.

A GENTLEMAN once laid a wager that he would satisfy a London caddy. A friend accepted it, so he hailed a cab in Trafalgar Square and was driven to Marble Arch. On alighting, he tendered the caddy a sovereign, remarking at the same time, "Will that satisfy you?" The caddy, with a twinkle in his eye, replied: "Well, sir, it would be a pity to break into this for a drink."—*London Star*.

LORD RUSSELL of Killowen, years before he took silk, was sitting in court, when another barrister, leaning across the benches during the hearing of a trial for bigamy, whispered:

"Russell, what's the extreme penalty for bigamy?"

"Two mothers-in-law," replied Russell.

—The Green Bag.

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THE PRUDENTIAL

VOLUME XV.

NEWARK, N. J., AUGUST, 1898.

NUMBER 4

Helping a Hero's Widow.

GEORGE H. ELLIS, Chief Yeoman of the Brooklyn, the only man killed in the great naval action off Santiago on July 3, which resulted in the destruction of Cervera's entire fleet and the capture of the Admiral, officers and men, was insured in The Prudential—had been for ten years. When fifteen years of age a small policy was issued to his parents on the boy's life, and later a second policy. The aggregate of the two policies—over \$350—was promptly paid to the young widow, Mrs. Sarah M. Ellis, who resides at 819 Dean street, Brooklyn. She is left with an infant seven months old. The crew of the Brooklyn have raised a fund of about \$1,000 for Mrs. Ellis, so that with the pension she will receive from the Government, she and her little one are secured against pecuniary distress. Yeoman Ellis was twenty-five years of age. The office of Yeoman is an important one. The Yeoman has charge of all the ship's stores, such as rigging, armament, ammunition, paint, oil, canvas, everything, literally, from a needle to an anchor—that is, everything outside of the food, clothing, cash and medical stores. He keeps account of everything on board the ship in the way of ship supplies, and issues nothing to any one on board, not even a broom or a marling spike, without an order from the executive officer. He heads the list of first-class petty officers and ranks with a Sergeant Major in the army.

The following communication explains itself:

John F. Dryden, Esq.,
Pres't of Prudential Insurance Co.
Dear Sir:—

I desire to express my thanks to you for the prompt payment of the insurance on my late husband, George H. Ellis' policies, who was killed in the naval battle at Santiago, July 3, 1898.

I recommend very highly The Prudential Insurance Company, as I received \$11.26 more than my policies called for.

Very respectfully,

Sarah M. Ellis.

Mohammed on True Charity.

EVERY GOOD act is charity: Your smiling in your brother's face; your putting a wanderer in the right road; your giving water to the thirsty, is charity; exhortation to another to do right is charity. A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he has done in this world to his fellow-men. When he dies people will ask, What property has he left behind? But the angels will ask, What good deeds has he sent before him? —From a Sermon by Mohammed.

Age of "Old Glory."

"Old Glory" is older than the present flag of Great Britain, which was established in 1801; than the flag of Spain, which was established in 1785; than the French tricolor, decreed in 1794; than the flag of Portugal, established in 1830; than the Italian tricolor, established in 1848; than the flags of the old Empires of China and Japan, and of the Empire of Germany, which represents the sovereignty of fourteen distinct States, established in 1870.

The Largest in the World.



THE new 126-ton gun, intended to be placed on Romer Shoal, just north of Sandy Hook, New York, and now receiving its finishing touches at Watervliet arsenal, is the largest cannon in the world, six tons heavier and five feet longer than the

Her Papa.

My papa's all dressed up to-day;
He never looked so fine;
I thought when I first looked at him,
My papa was n't mine.

He's got a beautiful new suit—
The old one was so old—
It's blue, with buttons, O, so bright,
I guess they must be gold.

And papa's sort o' glad and sort
O' sad—I wonder why?
And every time she looks at him
It makes my mamma cry.

Who's Uncle Sam? My papa says
That he belongs to him;
But papa's joking, 'cause he knows
My uncle's name is Jim.

My papa just belongs to me
And mamma. And I guess
The folks are blind who cannot see
His buttons, marked U. S.

U. S. spells us. He's ours—and yet
My mamma can't help cry,
And papa tries to smile at me
And can't—I wonder why?

—Mary Norton Bradford in Insurance Critic.

Great Men's Opinions of Women.

The society of ladies is the school of politeness. —Montaigne.

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AT THE BAKER'S. —Polichinelle.



A POLISH Jew was arrested here the other day, and, when taken to the city prison, his condition was so uncleanly that he was told by the corporal to take a bath.

"Vat, go in de vater?" he asked.

"Yes, take a bath; you need it. How long is it since you had a bath?"

With his hands aligned upward, he answered: "I never was arrested before."—Argonaut.

EVERY telephone subscriber in New York has long distance telephone and metallic circuit underground line. The cost of the service varies not with the quality, for the quality is the same for all, but with the amount of use. This method makes the cost of telephone service at private residences and private stables extremely moderate.

A LITTLE boy was very anxious to have his pious uncle give him a little Jersey calf. The uncle said: "Johnny, when you want anything very much you should pray for it."

"Well," said the little fellow, "do you believe, uncle, that God would give me a calf if I should pray for one?"

"Why, of course," said the good uncle.

"Well, uncle," said the boy, "give me this calf and you pray for the other calf."—Pittsburg Bulletin.



"Has your Majesty heard anything more about the partition of China?" inquired Li Hung Chang.

"No," answered the Chinese Emperor, absent-mindedly. "But I guess we may as well sell that historic wall of ours to some building contractor. So far as keeping these foreigners out is concerned, it doesn't amount to anything more than a lath and plaster partition."—Washington Star.

GAIL BORDEN EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK.

In 1856 Gail Borden introduced condensed milk, and from small beginning an enormous industry has resulted. The product of tens of thousands of cows is required to supply the demand for this superior infant food. No other equals it.

"BOY?"
"No."
"GIRL?"
"No."
"Twins?"
"Yes."
"Boys?"
"No."
"Girls?"
"No."
"For heaven's sake, what then?"
"One boy and one girl, that's all."

—Saturday Evening Herald.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

All the attractions of Hotel life, with the comforts and privacy of home.

SOMEBODY was showing somebody else through the Players' Club, where there is a collection of old ale mugs used by distinguished persons.

"Here," said the man who was doing the honors, "we have Edwin Booth's mug; and here is Joseph Jefferson's mug; this is Barrett's mug, and here Henry Leslie's mug; here we have Mr. Kendal's mug—"

"Thank heaven," interrupted the other, "that you haven't Mrs. Kendal's mug!"—Dramatic Mirror.

DALY'S

Every Evening at 8:10.
A RUNAWAY GIRL.
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TWO MEN, a German and a Frenchman, who met in New York, had a heated argument over the question whether the wife of a State Governor had an official title or not. One contended that she should be addressed as "Mrs. Governor So-and-so." The other stoutly insisted that she was simply "Mrs. Blank, wife of Governor Blank." They finally agreed to leave the matter to the first man they met. He proved to be an Irishman. They stated the case to him, and asked for his decision.

"Nayther of yez is right," he said, after a moment of severe cogitation; "the wife av a governor is a governess."

—Exchange.



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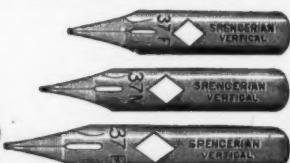
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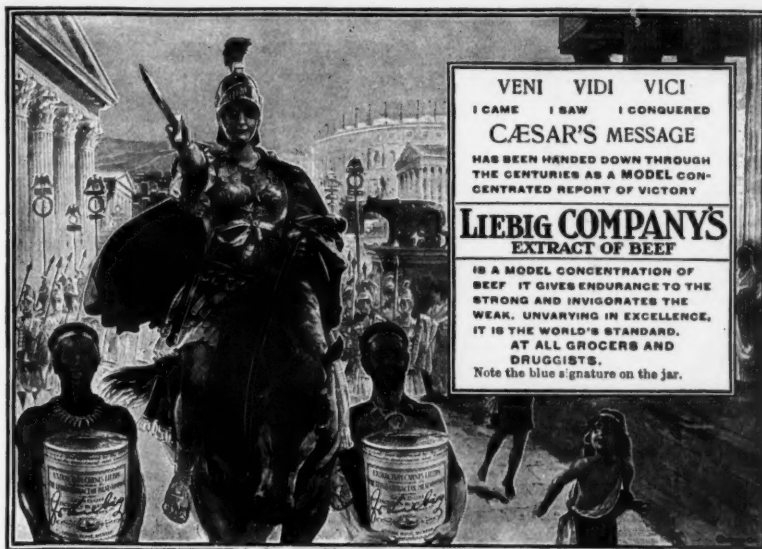
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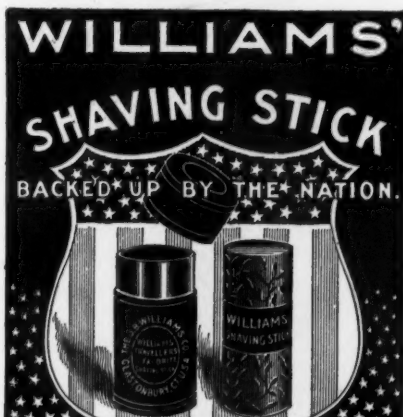


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THE NOVEMBER CENTURY, ready Tuesday, November 1st, will contain the first part of Captain Sigsbee's personal narrative of the destruction of the "Maine." Here, for the first time, the commander of the ship gives in a full and authoritative manner his account of the memorable events connected with the "Maine," including important facts and details not before made public. The story will have a tremendous popular interest. Authentic photographs and drawings will illustrate it. Captain Sigsbee's story will be complete in three numbers. Lieut. Hobson's graphic narrative of the sinking of the "Merrimac" will begin in the December CENTURY.



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THE SPANISH WAR SERIES, which begins in the November CENTURY, will be one of the most notable achievements in the history of magazine literature. The *Tribune* says: "The latest enterprise of THE CENTURY throws into the shade nearly everything that has been done in the past. The naval battles in the Spanish-American War are to be described by some of those who took part in them. Sampson, Schley, Evans, Taylor, Wainwright, Sigsbee, and Hobson are the principal contributors to the series." Captain Mahan, Captain Crowninshield, Captain Bartlett, Lieutenant Bernadou and many other well-known naval officers will furnish additional papers.

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THE November CENTURY not only begins the Spanish War Series, but contains first chapters in a new life of Alexander the Great, superbly illustrated; a new novel by Marion Crawford, an historical romance of the Second Crusade; and the first part of Paul Leicester Ford's papers on Franklin; also the first part of a story by Frank R. Stockton, and a complete story by Mark Twain. Do not miss the November CENTURY. Price 35 cents. It is necessary that subscriptions

OF THE "MAINE"

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